

11-1936

## The Rouen Post, November 1936

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# THE ROUEN POST

A PAPER DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF ROUEN POST No. 242

WILLIAM STACK  
Editor

## OCTOBER NOTES

Spencer Allen's presence at the October meeting of Rouen Post was a pleasant surprise to his former comrades of Unit 21. It was Spencer's first visit to St. Louis since moving to Cincinnati nine years ago to engage in the brokerage business. We were sitting in the Kingsway Tavern after the meeting, where the usual informal session so popular with Rouen Post members was well under way. Pat Byrns, his cerise face beaming with good cheer was reciting poetry into the microphone on the entertainers' platform, unaware that the management had thoughtfully disconnected the instrument; Chaplain Sheedy at a nearby table, solemnly consumed a glass of beer belonging to Arthur Melville, as Arthur listened to Jules Silberberg describe the discomfort of housemaid's knee which he contracted while scrubbing tent floors in France; Adjutant Dunville, the old piano sergeant, groped on all fours beneath various tables in search of the minutes of the recently adjourned meeting. The sight of these familiar faces of army days, combined with a few beakers of scotch and soda, diffused a mellow glow through the spare frame of the dignified Allen. "This is a great gang," exclaimed Spencer as Willard McQuoid waltzed past with a tavern chair. "You know, there were times in France when I thoroughly disliked Unit 21 and regretted that I had not joined some other organization. But looking back on it all, I long ago realized that the Unit contained a splendid crowd of men, and I'm darned glad to be with them again tonight." Time softens unpleasant memories and Allen no longer winces at the thought of herding G. I. cans under the pitiless eye of lance-corporal Barker.

Dr. Raymond Spivy, our new post surgeon, attended his first meeting October 9. Dr. Spivy spoke briefly at the meeting expressing his sincere interest in Rouen Post, and as evidence of his sincerity and enjoyment, the good doctor was among the last to leave the after-meeting gathering in the Tavern.

Zephirin Guilbeault is another member of Rouen Post who attended his first meeting. The gentleman farmer of Festus, Missouri recently returned from the Government hospital in Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, where he underwent a thorough physical examination.

Mr. William Stack,

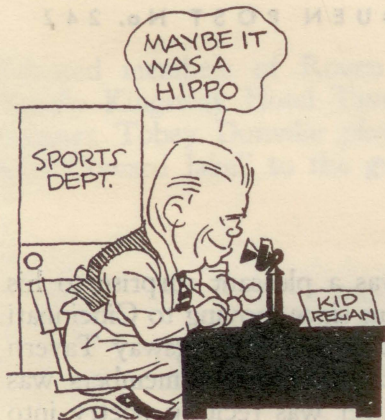
It certainly was a pleasant surprise to receive an edition of your very interesting paper. The reminiscences of the happenings of 1917-18 certainly are pleasant memories. The celebration that was pulled off when the medical students got their commissions will not be forgotten by those who were sober enough to recollect the happenings of the evening.

In one of your future issues of the Rouen Post I think it would be timely to publish the addresses of the former members of Unit 21. Best wishes and success to you and the future of Rouen Post.

Bert C. Ball, M. D.  
1204 Medical Arts Bldg., Fort Worth, Tex.



# THE ROUEN POST



## A THORN IN THE BOUQUET

Among the closing lines of Bill Engel's tribute to the Editor of **The Rouen Post**, last month, was one which has aroused some curiosity. It read: "He is as simple as a very fine animal . . ." Kid Regan, *Star-Times* columnist, called us shortly after the paper reached his desk, to inquire as to just what kind of animal Engel had in mind. After putting the Editor's self-restraint to a severe test by suggesting that it might be one of several beasts of the barnyard and jungle, noted for their sluggish mental habits and lack of beauty, the inquisitive columnist gave vent to a silly giggle and hung up the receiver.

## PHILIP VON BLON

Philip Von Blon, Managing editor of the *American Legion Monthly*, who died in New Rochelle, N. Y. on October 7, was one of the original members of the Cleveland Lakeside Unit, our old neighbors in Rouen. Von Blon, a former special writer for the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, was later transferred to the editorial staff of the *Stars and Stripes* at Chaumont where he remained until the last paper was published in June, 1919.

Last May Von Blon sent a letter of congratulation to the newly organized Rouen Post in which he expressed the hope that his Lakeside comrades would follow our example. Later he suggested the possibility of holding a reunion of all Rouen veterans during the National Convention in Cleveland, but so many competing events were crowded into four days that the suggestion was not acted upon.

Owing to his wartime service in Rouen, Von Blon had much in common with us. We had never met, but we shall miss his friendly letters and the interest he displayed in our progress. Rouen Post lost a friend when death claimed Philip Von Blon.

Don't forget the Armistice Day dinner meeting at the Hotel Kingsway, Wednesday, November 11. The dinner will start at 7:30 and all former members of Unit 21 have been invited to attend. If you can't be there for the dinner, come later. It's going to be a merry evening.

## AFTERMATH OF WAR

Back in 1918, a nurse in the Lakeside Unit was robbed of 11,000 francs and the Intelligence department assigned a young soldier named John Boles to investigate the theft. During his stay in Rouen, Boles and Archav Nushan formed a friendship that was later renewed in Paris, while Nushan was on tour with a jazz band. After the war, Boles studied voice in France and later sang his way to cinema fame in America. Nushan and the days in Rouen seemed far away. And then, one afternoon as he toiled beneath the Kleig lights on a set in Hollywood, a whiff of garlic, followed by raucous chattering, invaded the studio, and the astonished actor found himself in the embrace of a swarthy individual who kissed him on both cheeks before he could raise his hands in self defense—Arshav, the faithful camel-herder, had caught up with his wartime pal.

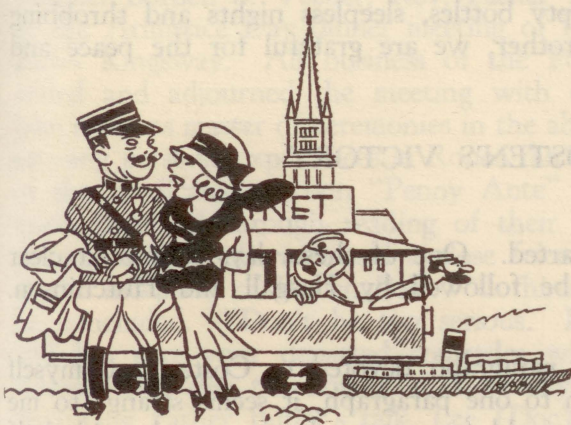


# THE ROUEN POST

## RETROSPECTION



Chalfont and Lennon emerging from Maxim's cafe in Paris at high noon and straining the friendship of two great nations by chasing French nursemaids and their little charges down the Avenue Champs Elysees. And later attempting to assault the writer of these lines for refusing to join in their anti-social activities . . . One of the unsolved crimes of the great war for democracy; the theft of Paul Plueger's prize collection of British regimental cap badges . . . The blighted romance of Sergeant Casanova Puckett. Looking from the window of a tram car he saw his light o' love strolling arm in arm with a handsome French officer. To add to the disillusioned sergeant's mental anguish, the fickle hussy was smartly attired in a new dress, slippers and hat, which Puckett had purchased the day before in the naive belief that such generosity would make him head man for the duration of the war.



The astonishment of an English sentry on night duty, who challenging an approaching American soldier with the usual "Halt. Who goes there?"; received the unmilitary reply: "It's me—" "Fat" McKinney." . . . Captain Warren Rainey losing his overnight enthusiasm for boxing as an exercise after one round of light sparring with a more experienced partner . . . Lieutenant Allen Gilbert on a hurried morning tour of Paris cafes in an effort to round up the members of the Unit 21 baseball team which was scheduled to meet a team of Marines in the Bois de Bologne that afternoon.

November 11, 1918; a day of joyous hysteria . . . La guerre fini . . . Soldiers and civilians dancing in the streets of Rouen . . . Shouting and singing in estaminets and cafes where rank was forgotten for the moment as officers and men drank to the beginning of a new world . . . Earl Hursey patiently explaining to his pal, Irl Trickey, that the war was over . . . British and Americans acting as cheer and song leaders from the tops of tables in the Brasserie Omnia . . . Much merriment in the Tivoli theatre. Arshav Nushan leaping over a bass viol on the stage and dancing with the Tiller chorus, followed by two kilted Scots in a Highland fling . . . Dying men in hospital wards lulled into oblivion by the church bells proclaiming peace.





# THE ROUEN POST

## THE BULLETIN BOARD

Lee Heidbrader was a visitor last week. Lee has been compiling city directories in various towns on the Pacific coast, but recently returned to the Middle West to be near his aged parents who live at Gerald, Missouri, a few miles from St. Louis.

Sylvester Horn is a patient in a Denver hospital, according to a recent letter from Doctor Sanford Withers. Syl's address is 959 Cook avenue, Denver, Colorado. Harold Jolley, "the oldest corporal in the A. E. F." has been confined to his home for several weeks as the result of a post-tonsillectomy infection. Jolley resides at 50 Kingsbury Place, St. Louis.

Pat Byrns is still resentful of the fact that Commander Bill Engel and Bill Stack were members of the reception committee during President Roosevelt's recent visit to St. Louis. As members of the committee, these worthy gentlemen enjoyed seats in front of the speaker's stand, while the distinguished Director of St. Louis Relief stood wedged among a perspiring crowd two blocks away and was forced to rely on loud speakers to hear the President's words.

Edward Winer recently departed for Chicago and local tavern owners heaved a sigh of relief as they welcomed the return of law and order to their establishments. With the able assistance of Byrns and Engel, Winer left a trail of empty bottles, sleepless nights and throbbing heads in his wake, and though we love him like a brother, we are grateful for the peace and quiet that followed his departure.

## CAL TILTON EXPLAINS COSTEN'S VICTORY

Dear Bill:

I have not seen any of the old boys since you departed. One of these days, out of a clear sky, old Dillman will drop in on me and he will be followed by Hasgall and Hutchinson. That is the way it goes.

We received the September **Rouen Post**. The full paragraph devoted to Costen and myself was great. (It was all great) But narrowing down to one paragraph, it seems strange to me that Costen, a doddering old man, his youth gone, would attempt to deceive people with half truths. He tricked me in that foot-race on his lawn. He started the race on dry grass while my training had all been on cinder paths, so naturally I slipped and fell at the getaway. But that is Costen for you—he is another Cassius.

"Let me have men about me that are fat;  
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights;  
Yond Cassius hath a lean and hungry look;  
. . . . Such men are dangerous."

All I can say about the entire membership of Rouen Post is that I wish I could see them all. Somehow I feel that a greeting to them all through you will eventually reach most of them. When you all get together it must be an event.

Sincerely,

Cal G. Tilton, 709 Orange Grove Ave.  
South Pasadena, Cal.